

BOWLINES

Newsletter of The Bluegrass Wildwater Association May/June 2000

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BWA Spring Clinic 2000 is Biggest Yet!



The pool at Nemo bridge is one of the put in for clinic students

If all the canoes and kayaks we see in TV commercials and magazine ads these days is not proof that paddling has become an "in" sport then the record numbers at the annual BWA Spring Clinic should convince you. With over 70 students and a similar number of instructors, cook & kitchen staff, shuttle drivers, set-up/clean-up crews and other support people (all volunteers) it was the biggest. It could have been bigger, but we had to put a limit on the number of students to make sure we had the gear and instructors to take care of them.

Each year we seem to be pressing the upper limits of this most popular event. It is thanks to the willingness of BWA members (sometimes we bring some out of retirement) and the concentrated effort of the Vice President (Amy Shipman) that the effort comes off with few problems. We must be doing a lot of things right, as the praise from the students is effusive.

The change made several years ago to not just have the instruction take place on the Emory-Obed but to have the Clinic camp at the river's edge has been a hit. Logistics were simplified for the students and instructors, but additional work is done by the support volunteers. It takes a lot of coordination and effort to not only set up tarps and other facilities, but to cook 3 great meals with limited equipment and facilities for almost 150 people. But all that is worth the effort to introduce future paddlers to a wonderful sport and a great river system.

Once more the spirit and dedication that make the BWA one of the top Paddling clubs was evident!

More pictures of the Clinic on pg. 5

A Few Words From Your Editor



This will be the last issue of the *Bowlines* that I will be responsible for. The next issue will be in the hands of Kathy Cole who is running for the office in the election. I have promised her I would work as her assistant while she gets started, but I have no doubt she will take the *Bowlines* to many great issues in the future.

I am grateful to have had the opportunity to be the editor for what I had always considered to be one of the best Paddling Newsletters. Just like our "Association" it has always been unique and different. Many Paddling newsletters were mostly a listing of trips and events with some trip reports and pictures. The *Bowlines* has always been more than that. It has been a journal for BWA associates. It has displayed creativity, humor, wisdom, and just the plain reality of the BWA. We always thought that since we were such a close knit group it did not make sense to plan and announce trips way in advance (we like to be spontaneous too), besides, who knew where the best water levels would be? So members contributed articles about what they were thinking and talking about,

I stood on the shoulders of the preceding editors like Katy Keene, Ed Puterbaugh, Terry Weeks, Rich Lewis, Sam & Karen Moore, and Carole Bryant to name a few. They showed the way. Not one of them put out a banal issue. All I did was refine many of the things they did. It is not easy to get the stories and contributions to the *Bowlines* at the time you need them, but thanks to all of you that took the time to get something written for me. Times that I needed just another page to help will the issue I had a huge repository of articles from the past that were worth repeating.

Yes, it is a lot of work at times, but what I got from it was more than I put into it. Just like all the offices I participated in over the years, I learned a great many things. I knew very little about putting together a newsletter. I knew even less about much of the software I needed to use. With each issue I tried to accomplish new things. I also got to know many in the BWA better because of working with them. All that was rewarding and gratifying. I encourage and advocate everyone to vie for the privilege of holding an office in the BWA. You will not regret it. Hard work and long hours at times? Yes. It is always easy to say you do not have the time. But we all have time, it just takes a decision to support the things we say we love and believe in....in this case it is rivers and paddling.

I have served in all the BWA offices (save a new one that was just created). I am proud to be associated with such a fine group of people. Thanks for letting me be a part.

Your (former) *Bowlines* Editor,
Don Spangler

BOWLINES

Bowlines is the Newsletter of the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, POB 4231, Lexington Ky, 40544

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President	Gary Hoagland	502-845-2704
Vice-President	Amy Shipman	606-278-4236
Treasurer	John Foy	606-278-2536
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	Tom Hillman	606-624-4373
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Wildwater Cats Rep.	Corrine Voils	606-299-1977

Join in on the Fun!

BWA website: www.surfbwa.org
Join the BWA! BWA Membership \$15/individual; \$20/Family year entitles you to receive the newsletter, 10% discounts at many local and out of state outfitter shops, use of club kayak, discount at pool rolling sessions, a listing in the BWA Handbook, a stream gauge guide, and web site with a listserv for member's messages.

Meetings are held the at 7:30, the second Tuesday of each month at Paisano's in Gardenside, Lexington, Ky.

Submission of Newsletters articles preferred on zip or floppy disk (Mac or PC) or typed. Pictures can be digital or ready to be scanned. Please include stamped envelope for return. Files can also be e-mailed to: donspang@aol.com



Summer Roll Sessions



The roll sessions will be from 8 pm till 10 pm at the Cumberland Hill Pool off of Tates Creek. The dates will be July 6, 13, 20, 27, and August 3, 10, 17, 24. I will appreciate any help lifeguarding from anyone who is certified. Let me know if there are any volunteers.

Will Fountain wmfoun0@pop.uky.edu 606- 272- 5489 h

The Red River 2000 Clean-up



Russ pushing some rubber

Russ Miller

When Don asked that I write an article about the clean-up I intuited that he wasn't talking about an abbreviated, just the facts Main, type of story. He was talking about a nuts and bolts piece, but I'm a just the facts Main type of guy, so this is going to be a stretch for me.

The main ingredient for a successful clean-up is of course trash, so this is where I begin. Last July when we were all suffering from the drought I was walking the river looking for tires. Now any other year there would have been more than enough to stage a good size clean-up but after four years of searching for and removing tires I was running out of them. Even with the low waters I only found about twenty-five. So I moved these to high ground out of sight of passers-by and concentrated on filling trash bags. Filling trash bags is an on going project and this lasted up until a week before the actual clean-up.

Enough about the preparations, lets get to the boats. The clean-up was organized to take place in three waves. The first two were to rope their boats over the cliffs at my house at seven and eight in the morning. This is accomplished in two belays of about seventy-five feet each. By doing this we are able to cut off the upper half of the river, giving us more time to concentrate on the lower section.

The first shift is composed of boaters that camped here the night before and didn't need a shuttle. Due to several bottles of homemade dandelion wine that Larry Dye brought down from Cincinnati this shift didn't move out until around eight. A casual easy-going mood set in as the boats were lowered over the cliffs. This was not the work crew I was anticipating, but a bunch of happy-go-lucky adventurers. It was going to be hard work convincing them of the seriousness of a clean-up.

No sooner had the first shift completed the cliff phase than the second shift began showing up. These were the boaters that lived close by or had to work out shuttles; they would certainly be of little use in developing a work ethic among the larger group. Fred Ostrem wandered around like he was taking a day off after working on computers all week, his wife Kim immediately got in an extended conversation with Renee, and Dan Dourson stood there identifying bird calls for anyone that would stop and listen.

How we ever got the boats on the river by ten o'clock I don't know. Our homestead is just above the falls at Calaboose Creek. Within an hour we were down to Peck Branch, site of the first tire drop. Now there was beginning to be some signs of cohesion within the group. For the most part these people were veterans of former clean-ups and they knew what to do when they were shown a tire. Soon there were twenty of them floating there way down to the river. Things began to look up.

Next came the Dog Drowning Hole, final resting place of many a boat, and location of my hoard of filled trash bags. The river is like the human body, different parts perform different functions. In cleaning her up I have noticed that certain items seem to filter out in certain places. Tires end up in one spot, aluminum cans in another. At the Dog Drowning Hole I collected five bags full of broken glass. We



Kathy Cole pushing some Big Rubber



Marrea Matthews riding some rubber

transferred these to five-gallon buckets that we brought for this purpose. Larry Dye's cousin John, our most experienced paddler took on this cargo. We got out the rubber duckie and Jim Prevost and his Fiancee Debbie inflated it. Within an hour and a half all the trash and boats had been moved down stream of the Dog Drowning Hole.

It was during this period that Marrea Matthews showed up. Right on time I thought. The plan was going like clockwork. Then she told us that she had paddled on ahead as soon as she arrived at the put in, and the rest of the BWA lagged somewhere behind. These were the reinforcements that I had planned on relieving the front line. As fatigue set in so did a sense of irreverence for authority. Perhaps it had been there all along and I hadn't noticed it; anyway I decided to go along with the current so to speak.

So it went for the rest of the afternoon, just a lazy float down the river, and periodically wondering when the reinforcements would arrive. We were doing well on time. We were about to set a record and arrive less than one hour later than we had told our wives. It was at this time, wouldn't you know it, that the BWA came paddling up from behind. They had been on a mopping up operation, cleaning up the river above where we had roped the boats over. My friend Mike Storm, who was in the canoe with Sockeye, said they had got it all. To quote, "We were the last in line and Sockeye didn't miss a thing; I've never been in and out of a boat so much in my life."

United at last, we all paddled triumphantly toward the bridge. I looked around at this group. There was Don and Gary and Bob, Prince and Jim and John, and others I hadn't met. What a great feeling it was to have

accomplished something so worth while with a group of such good people! As we approached the bridge I mentioned to Jim Dinger I could smell Miguel's pizza coming up the river. "I was told it would be t-bones!" he replied. Fred, who happened to be floating by leaning back in his kayak with his legs laying across the bow, good Wolfe County style, looked over and said, "that's what we tell all the newbies."

At the take out the scene begins to feel like a festival. Those that have worried about us are glad that we're only an hour late, instead of the usual two or three. Renee, who has done the real work of helping on shuttles, doing childcare, and helping Miguel make the pizzas, is delighted. There's nothing she likes more than a party.

And now comes the highlight of the day for one person — my son. It's to be a surprise, so he doesn't know it, but Don has brought with him, in his van, a C-1 that a BWA member wanted to donate to a good home! Miles is lured over to the van with some pretext and then Don asks him to help unload his gift. As an adult I tend to forget what real joy looks like, but it is a wonderful thing to behold, especially on the face of my son.

Thanks to all that helped make this years clean-up the best ever!



Miles getting a C-1!

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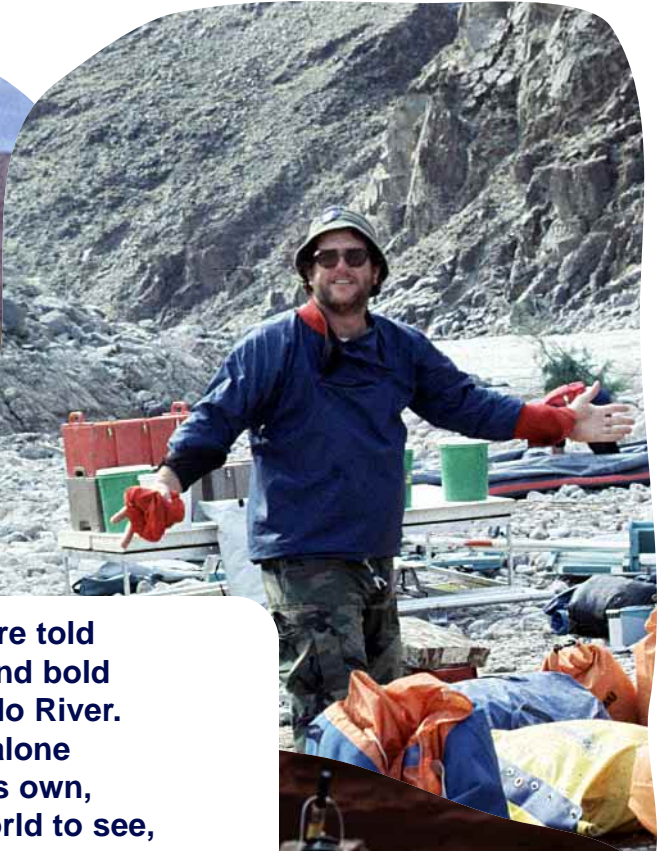
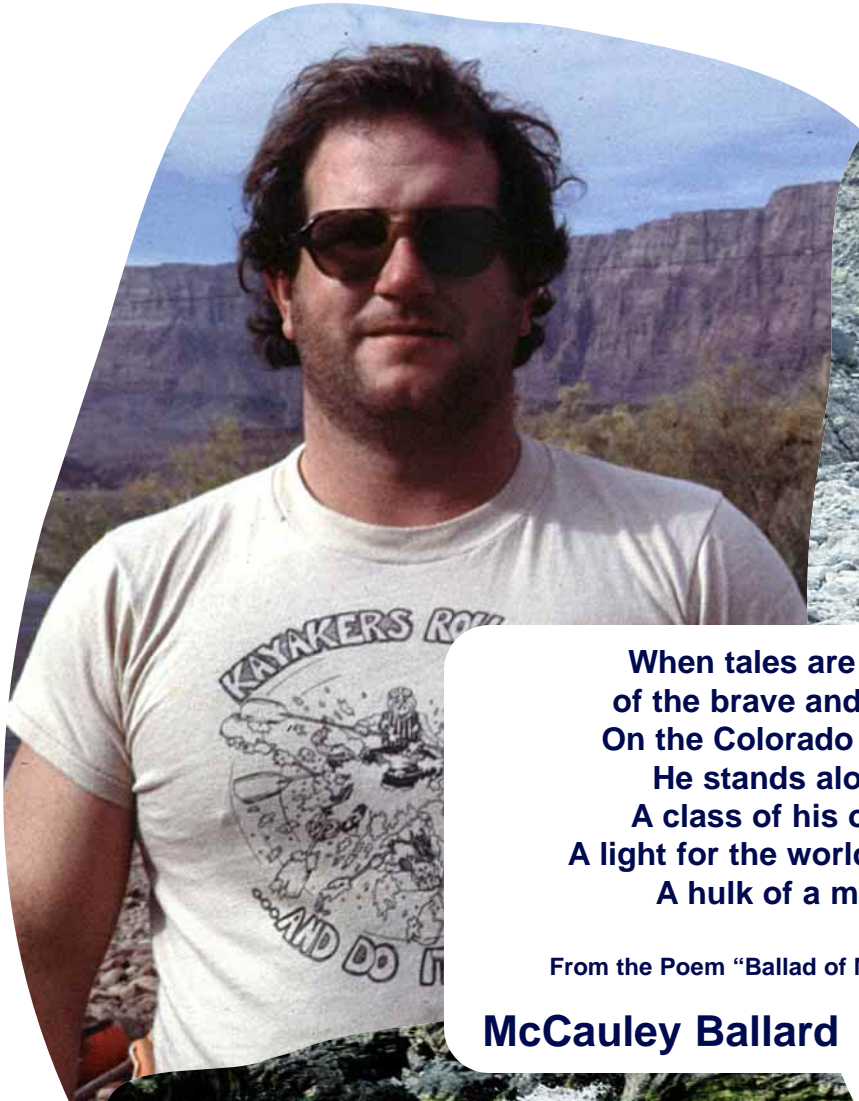
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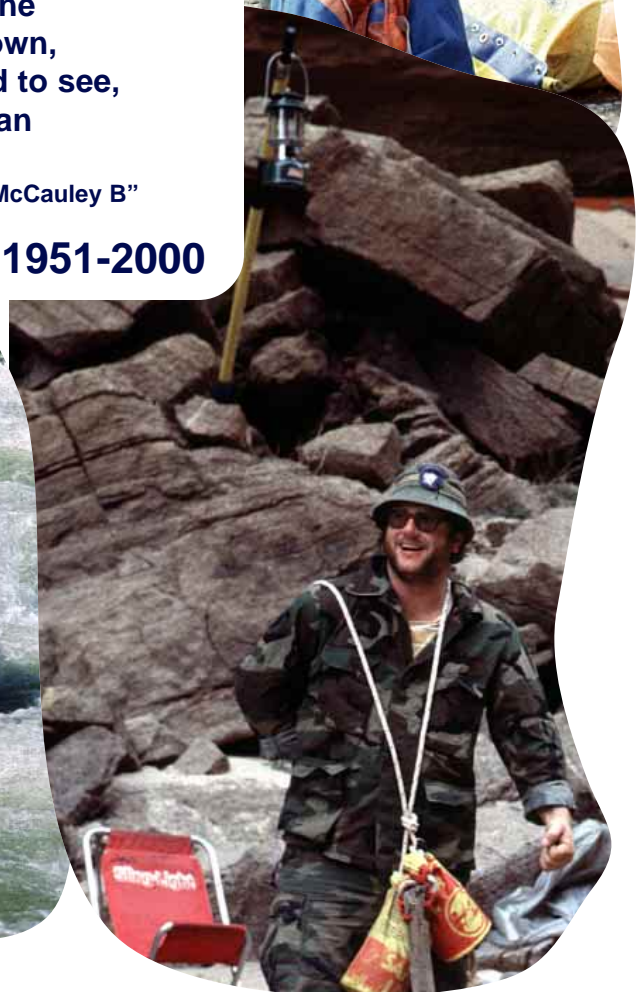
A Remembering of two



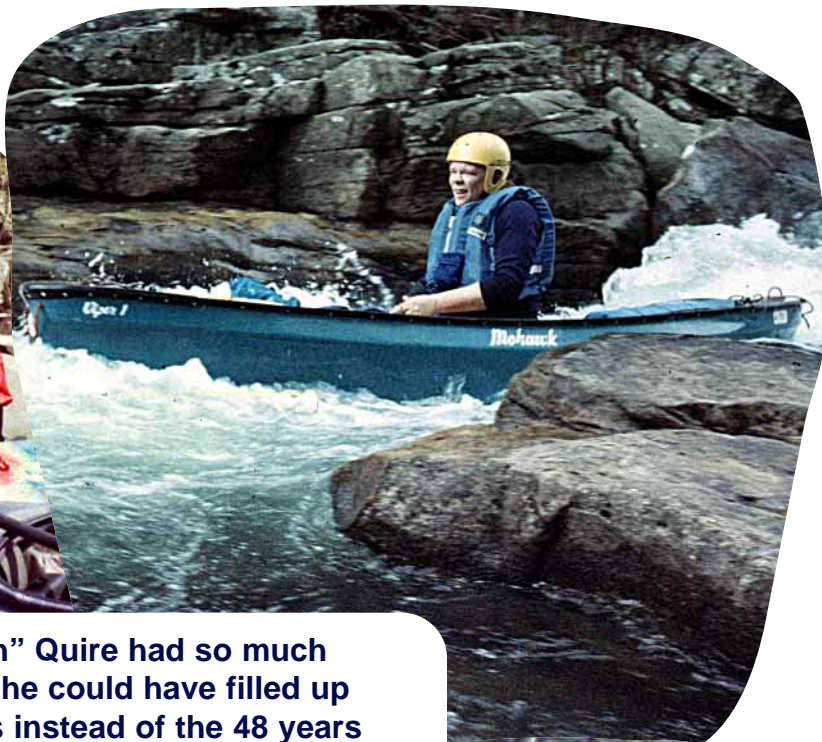
When tales are told
of the brave and bold
On the Colorado River.
He stands alone
A class of his own,
A light for the world to see,
A hulk of a man

From the Poem "Ballad of McCauley B"

McCauley Ballard 1951-2000



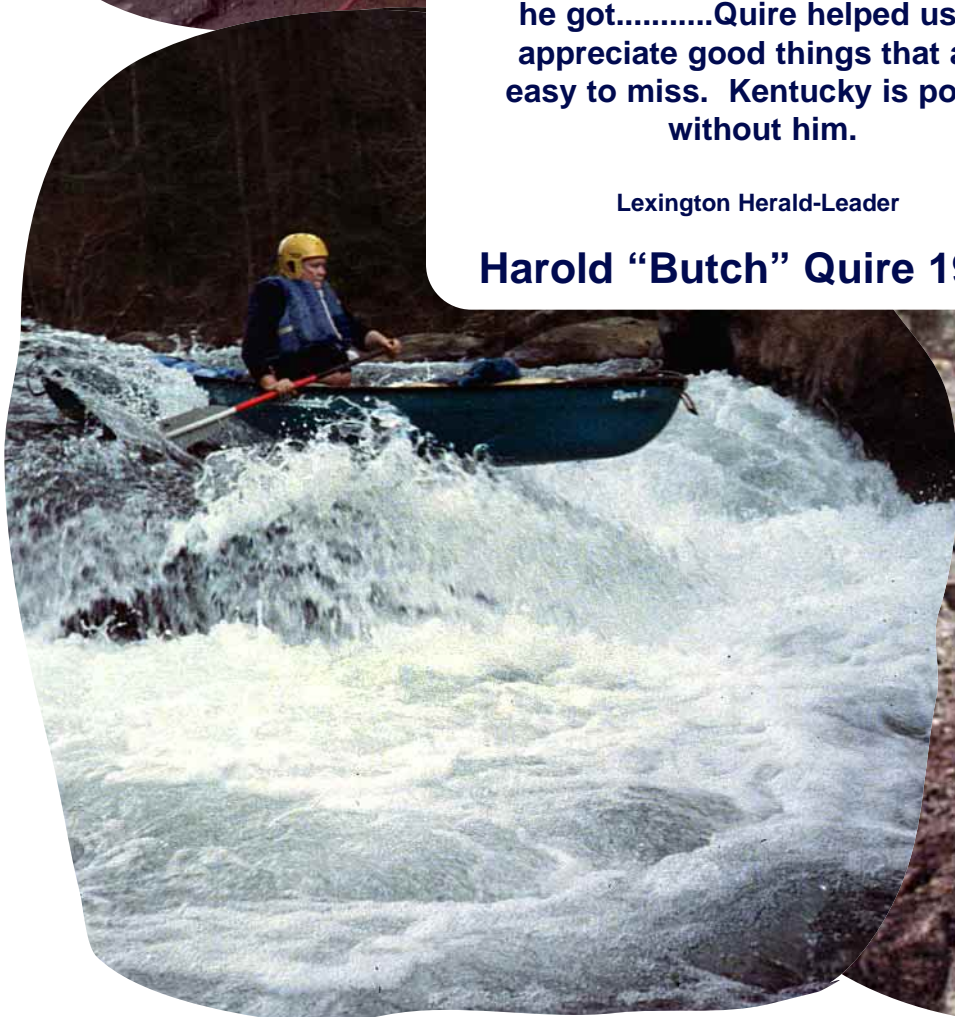
beloved BWA Paddlers



“Butch” Quire had so much to offer he could have filled up two lives instead of the 48 years he got.....Quire helped us to appreciate good things that are easy to miss. Kentucky is poorer without him.

Lexington Herald-Leader

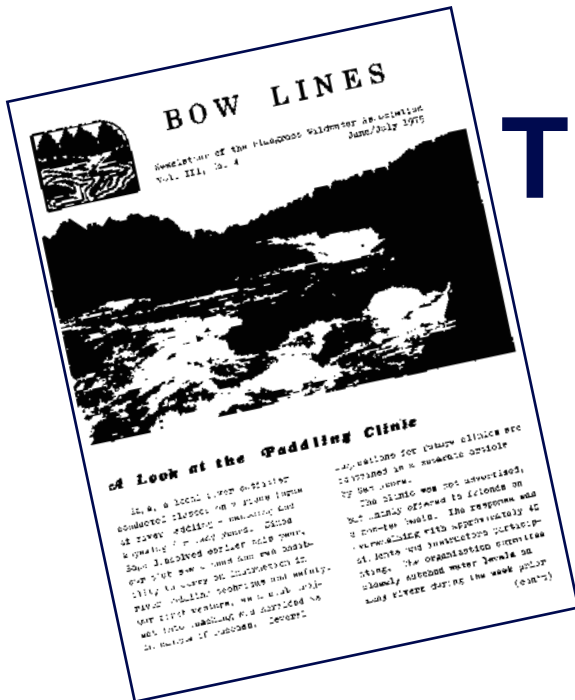
Harold “Butch” Quire 1951-



Clinic 2000 Views



Back-Paddling Thru the Pages of Bowlines: The First Clinic



From the June/July 1979 issue of BowLines
A Look at the Paddling Clinic

Sage, a local river outfitter conducted classes on various forms of river paddling - canoeing and kayaking for many years. Since Sage dissolved earlier this year, our club saw a need and responsibility to carry on instruction in river paddling technique and safety. Our first venture into teaching was heralded as an enigma of success. Several suggestions for future clinics are contained in a separate article by Sam Moore.

The clinic was not advertised, but mainly offered to friends on a non-fee basis. The response was overwhelming with approximately 40 students and instructors participating. The organization committee closely watched water levels on many rivers during the week prior to the clinic in hopes of picking the proper river conditions for novice paddlers. The Big South Fork of the Cumberland was chosen with some reluctance (a sudden TVA gage reading increase up to 12,000 cfs) but turned out to be surprising great for teaching. The level at Leatherwood bridge was approximately 3,500 cfs and provided a rather long pool upstream of the bridge that was used for initial instruction and practise on Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon, the clinic paddled further upstream to a small river widerapid that provided extensive opportunities for practice on ferrying, eddy turns, surfing, and yes, even lots of rescues! Don Spangler can attest to that. Late in the afternoon it was time for a swim. Many of the students and

instructors made thier way upstream pf the rapid, jumped in and swam (feet up) down trow the rapid, waves, and small hole to be rescued by rope throwing learners. Fortunately no one actually needed rescuing since a few ropes got tossed in, complete with both ends.

Dinner that evening at Tobes Restaurant in Oneida, Tenn. was very good but a tad bit short on supply.

Sunday was a near fiasco. Plans were to run a 5 mile section of the BSF, taking out at Leatherwood. we drove down a road that could have doubled for the secret take out on Cumberland below the Falls. It was a definite class V run. The rains came and created a stream in the road almost deep enough to paddle. By the time we reached the railroad tressel the water level was much high for open boats, so we turned around and drove back out.

On the way back out of Leاهرwood, Roger Ottersbach won the "John Esenberb Driving Award" when he got caught in a keeper hole! Roger was paddling on his off side and attempted to miss a small, insignificant hole in the middle of the road when a monster hole sucked him in on the extreme road right.

Fortunately the only damage was a little pride and Joe and Ruths' Restaurant was unanimously voted as the next area to stop and scout.

Many thanks go to those organizing and or teaching, but especially to Sam Moore for all his hard work prior to the clinic.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A PROUD POPPA

Please note that the title reads Poppa, not Dad. "Dad" was the affectionate nickname of a former, now gone, BWA character who was a legend in his time. The name has been retired by the BWA, much as UK retires basketball jerseys of former court standouts.



While seated around the campfire at Lost Mine Campground about 24 years ago, Kathy, Dave, Charles, Mickey, Jim, Katie, Richard, Kent and I simply decided to start a canoe club to facilitate having friends to paddle with and to assist in river conservation/ protection. We, in no way, could foresee the stellar accomplishments which were to come in later decades.

The "canoe club" became, at Kent's insistence, a Wildwater Association. (he liked the macho sound). He also then became the first BWA hard-boater to paddle the Grande Canyon (in a fiberglass C-1).

After having recently participated in and observed the year 2000 beginners clinic operate like clockwork with over 150 participants, I felt proud of the BWA and reflected that Bob, Sally, John, Mike , Barbara and Steve would also have been proud if they had been there to observe.

I was most proud when I received a telephone call from Prince while at home recuperating from therapies and major surgery (minor surgery is when it's performed on the other guy). Sometime during the fall I had made a comment on the listserve that we should quit complaining about "Uncle Sugar" not providing grant funding to purchase a take-out property on Elkhorn Creek when the application was unsuccessful and I volunteered to make the first donation of money to buy land. I forgot about it until Prince called and told me that a small group of people had amassed funds from contributions and wanted to know if I was still interested in contributing. She explained how a group had gathered other cervesas, devised a plan, and now had enough money in hand to bid on a parcel at public auction. That news really made Poppa's chest swell with pride. It is utterly

amazing what young people can do when they unite on a common purpose. I also know that many of the contributions were from young people with less disposable income than I, thus is a bigger sacrifice to them.

In the early years of hot tub clinics, the Women in Rubber, and film festivals held in horse barns the BWA became known as the hardest partiers around. Now the club may have metamorphosed into the most enterprising paddling club anywhere. The BWA newsletter, BOWLINES, as readable and professional as any anywhere in the country, is edited by Don who over 2 decades, has contributed more to a local outdoor club than anyone(except possibly Oscar).

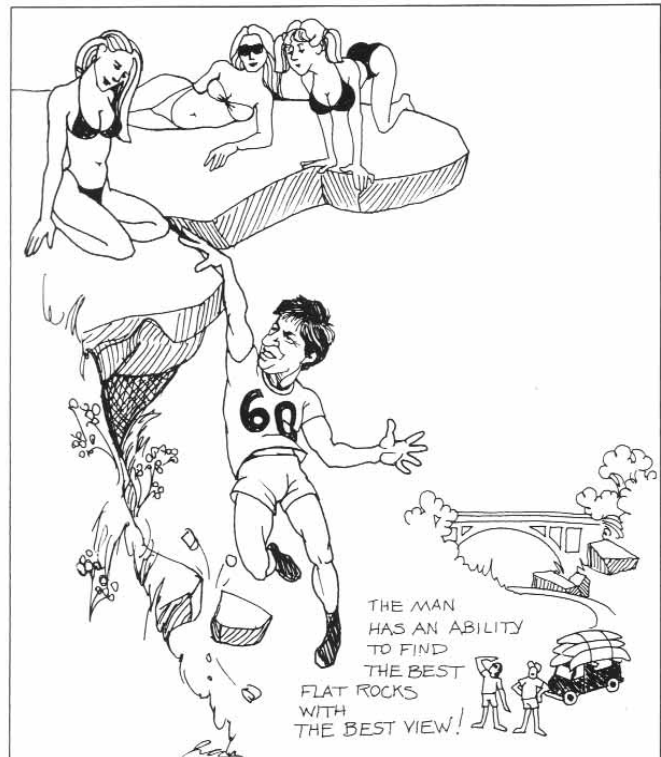
Sometimes the comments made by participants on our listserve may not be quite as civil as they could be. Lets all count to 10 before we press the send button, and remember to love each other and show respect. We are a proud family with great accomplishments and many great rivers yet on the horizon.

The first person to submit to BOWLINES the correct last names of all of those mentioned herein will receive from me a case of America's finest (as opined by John while seated with the waitresses (sans clothing) from Lake Tahoe in a Sierra natural hot spring)--- Sierra Nevada Pale Ale.

Beuren Garten

SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1997 ■ WEST BY GOD VIRGINS' HERALD, GAULEY BRIDGE, WVA ■ TODAY 60

I NEED HELP



"Almost Heaven!"

Comments on the Big South Fork Management Plan

Dear Superintendent Fischer;

I represent the Bluegrass Wildwater Association, which is an organization of approximately 200 members who are dedicated to the enjoyment, preservation, and exploration of American waterways for self powered craft. We are committed to the protection of the wilderness character of these waterways through the conservation of water, wildlife, forests and parks. We appreciate the opportunity to comment on the Big South Fork Draft Management Plan/Environmental Impact Statement.

Most of us enjoy the Big South Fork National River and Recreation Area for whitewater paddling, mountain biking, fishing, back packing and camping. The pristine gorges, rich biodiversity and fragile arches are only part of its allure. Truly, the Big South Fork is the premier recreation area and the "jewel" of the Eastern United States because of its undeveloped nature. We are concerned about any plan that would increase the development and related impacts in this unique area. In keeping with our club objectives, we prefer to preserve this jewel in as undeveloped state as possible.

Therefore, we are preferring Alternate A of the plan, since it is the least disruptive of the two build alternates. We applaud the National Park Service's commitment to exclude the gorge from any development under this plan. We wholeheartedly reject Alternate B, since it permits too much development in the plateau. Actually, we would have preferred the No-Action Alternate, however, we were told that it can not be selected or implemented, because it does not include the management unit approach required by NPS policy. We respectfully disagree with this policy decision.

We recommend caution be exercised by NPS in any development of the plateau, in order to protect the watershed. Congress specifically guaranteed protection of the river's water quality and all development should be planned with this in mind. We certainly request NPS allow us the opportunity to comment on specific plans for development in the plateau region, once they are developed, since these were sketchy in the plan. We believe the specific environmental impacts of plateau development should have been studied and reported in the Draft document.

We also are very concerned about the existing and future ATV use in the Recreation Area. These noisy and destructive machines are not compatible with any of the other uses. In addition, illegal ATV "trails" are already all over the area, causing erosion and noise pollution. We recommend that they be banned from the Recreation Area and that no further trails be made to accommodate them. We do not see how the protected water quality of the gorge can be maintained as long as ATVs are allowed in the area. However, we realize the difficulty of NPS banning ATVs in the area, and therefore, recommend a minimum ATVs be required to stay on trails that have been specifically designed for them (with the appropriate erosion control measures implemented), and not within earshot of the gorge.

Sincerely,

James Daniel

Conservation Chair

Bluegrass Wildwater Association

PO Box 4231

Lexington, KY 40504

502-223-7613

E-Lines from the BWA Listserve

Hi Fellow Boaters,

Gosh, I gotta start coming to these meetings again. May I vote in absentia for all of going to McDonalds for the monthly meetings and stuff ourselves with Happy Meals?

Now to the business of a trip report. I've been on vacation this week and have had the privilege of paddling 4 wonderful streams. First was the Little River in the Smoky Mountains. We decided to do the Upper and Lower Sections together, a total of over 14 miles. The level was around 600 cfs (most wonderful). It was 14 miles of nonstop fun. The Screaming Meanies right above the Sinks was great even though I took the big swim on the last drop. The swim wasn't so bad but the sponging out the water while it was snowing left much to be desired. We all decided Kodak owes us money due to all of the film being used by the tourists photographing us kayakers as we did the sinks. What more can be said about the sinks and the mile of awesome white-water that immediately follows except "AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! The river is a total delight. We did not attempt the Elbow. The potential for harm to living flesh presented itself there so we did carry around. We ended up at the Y above Townsend exhausted but looking forward to the next opportunity to repeat that trip.

Tuesday found us at the Little River Canyon in Alabama. This is the only place that I have found that the scenery outdid the river itself. I have nothing to compare it to. Daddy's Creek Canyon doesn't do it, can anybody suggest something somewhere? We did not do the suicide section immediately below Little River Falls but put in a couple of miles down as dying was not on the itinerary. It is a beautiful section of water that does present a challenge for a first run down. None of us knew the river and boat scouting a couple of places paid off. Bottleneck is the class IV and does reward you for getting out of the boat and taking a good close look. Like Bull Sluice on the Chattooga, one can have a class II run on a class IV rapid if you hit the tongue. We all made it through just fine. I was very surprised that Alabama had something like this. I've always thought of Alabama as rather flat but this area is anything but that. What a treasure to be found in the middle of Lookout Mountain. It is one place worth driving back to experience again. One other place to Check out is Desoto Falls. It is well worth the few minutes side trip to see.

Wednesday found us on the Locust Fork of the Warrior at Cleveland, AL. Is it true that this is William Neely's home stompin' area? The description of the river I can give is a line I'm stealing, "The Elkhorn on steroids." Plus, the osprey above us added to feeling of the wildness of the area.

Today, Thursday, we were closer to home by doing the DBT to Nemo run. The level was around 3,700 which made for a wonderful run. Oh My God was just that: take a look at that big rock coming at you and "Oh My God." Rock Garden looked a little pissed so I walked but the other two ran it. Next time, I'm running it too. Soon as Gerald went through I saw the obvious lines and plan to be there next time.

So, there is a short summary of the trip. Doing the rivers is one thing. Of much more importance though is the feeling of spiritual renewal I get every time I do a trip of this type. I'm reminded that as great as man is, he is minute compared to the force that created the beauty I witnessed these past few days.

So, with that, I look forward to seeing many of you at the clinic. Bring your river trip and stories of carnage and we'll compare.

Dallas

Congratulations to Eli Vantreese for winning K-1 Men Jr Beginner at the Ocoee Rodeo!



BWA Monthly Meeting Location

Paisano's Italian Restaurant, 1765 Alexandria, (Gardenside, near roll session YWCA)
"Special" Italian Buffet for BWA Meetings in the Best of the BWA Eat & Meet Traditions!
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